

Good Morning 476

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WAR-TIME SOCCER IS MAKE-DO-AND-MEND

AS the new soccer season began—the season forecast by the prophets as the first splash of Technicolor in the black-and-white of wartime football—the club managers hung breathlessly on the end of their telephones. Something like this:

"Brr-brr . . . Brr-brr . . . buzz the 'phone bells, filling the offices of the football managers with a new note of insistence.

"Can we play Sam Smith and Jim Jones?" asks Manager A.

"All right, carry on," says Manager B—reluctant, but big-hearted—at the other end.

YOU see, Sam Smith, and Jim Jones are in the Forces now, and they're stationed near the club controlled by manager A. Before they went to war Sam Smith and Jim Jones were in the team run by manager B. The football kings, in the scramble to build up their teams to the greatest strength, are keeping their eyes open for the peacetime stars, who live now in the camp down the road.

But they can't use those men until they have asked permission of the club they belonged to before the war.

If that permission is given the player must be insured by the club he is to play for temporarily during the new season. Some players have cost their clubs well over £10,000 when they signed him on, so nearly every player is insured before the club will allow him to play for another club.

Yes, war has brought many changes in the football world. Your butter and your sugar are so much per person per week. And your soccer stars are rationed, too.

Players per club per season is now the order of the day. There's a new make-do-and-mend theme running through wartime football. For the club managers are building up their teams as best they can.

I'll-borrow-your-man for this one season is making a brotherhood of comrades out of the grab-your-man-quickly scheme which quite naturally existed in the days of yore.

The clubs are "mucking-in" to keep the game together in wartime—in pretty much the same way that our British lads have been mucking-in on the battlefields to keep the old country in one piece. It's a swell idea, and it's working all right.

Meet some of the peacetime soccer lads who are taking part in the lease-lend scheme—

Jackie Bray, Manchester City International half-back, is one of the guys looking forward to the new season. With his athletic figure he looks pretty good in his R.A.F. flight-sergeant's uniform. Did you

Badly wounded, his left leg has been amputated.

That leg meant a lot of money to Tommy. But listen to the spirit of the letter he has written to Mr. Angus Seed, the Barnsley manager.

"I'm very disappointed," he says, "but it's the fortune of war, and I'm not grumbling. It will be a sad blow to you, but let's hope the rest of the boys fare better."

Just a bad blow for Barnsley, he says.

I hear there'll be a job for Tommy as soon as he makes strides with the new artificial leg, so he'll still have an interest in the game.

Then there are the boys in Normandy who are thinking

prominent players have to stay behind in this country, but if a match should be arranged, it would be a simple matter to fill a plane with some more stars and drop them in France for a match—to give the lads a chance of seeing their old favourites in action again.

Corporal W. Wrigglesworth—Wrigglesworth, of Manchester United, to you!—the former Wolverhampton outside-right, who has assisted Chelsea and Bath City in war football, has returned from India after two and a half years there with the R.A.F.

Another star must join our personalia parade—Joe Shaw, who is leaving the Arsenal, after 37 years, for Chelsea Club, where he will be assistant manager to Billy Birrell.

Before long we'll be hearing of an interesting appointment to fill the gap left by Shaw.

And speaking of Arsenal—George Drury, the fast inside-forward for whom Arsenal paid Sheffield Wednesday £9,000 in 1938, plays for Bury this season. Thanks to Jimmy Porter, the former Bury half-back, and now the club's new team manager, who has put in a spot of high-pressure work in getting permission from Arsenal to play him.

Drury will take off his Leading-Aircraftman's uniform—he's stationed in the North-West—in favour of football kit when there's a game going for Bury. Quite a number of clubs were after him, but Bury got there first. Last season he played in Northern Ireland football.

It's bad luck for Everton and Wales. Jones, captain for both, is out of football for the first few weeks of the season. That ankle which troubled him last season is causing a spot of bother again.

And while we're talking about the bad spots, allow Eric Brook to tag along in our personality parade. He was outside left for Manchester City and England—until that motor-car accident which put the full stop to the end of his football career.

But he still plays cricket, and plays it well, too. When he was wielding the willow for Bankfoot, a Yorkshire club, the other week, he made quite a profitable batting bag. The ball sailed over the boundary—and killed a rabbit in the long grass. Six—and one for the oven!

Then there's George Smith, of Manchester City, who made great headway with Hearts, the Scottish club. He's been accidentally shot in the arm in Africa. He has said goodbye to his Forces career. He's still having treatment, but Manchester City expect he'll play this season.

And we won't forget Harry Hibbs, the Birmingham international goalkeeper, who has been appointed manager of Walsall.

News comes also from the Port Vale club. They had sold their ground, but they have permission to play on it again this season.

The football prophets wouldn't be at all surprised if they have a new ground all to themselves when the days of peace return.

TOM BENTLEY, famous football referee, conducts a personality parade of the season's big names

great-hearted, six-foot-one, and-a-half, twelve stone five you ask? Because they're centre-half, who joined Barnsley when he was 17. Well, he's looking forward to the new season in a different way.

We're all sorry. That's all we can say. For "tiny" Tommy, one of England's greatest centre-halves of the future, billed for fame, will never play again.

Four years ago Tommy was fished out of the water at Dunkirk. A few odd weeks ago, on D-Day, he stormed the beaches of Normandy with the boys. But it was his last charge—in war or peace. He fell on those sands.

For a number of international players are "over there" right now. At least nine peacetime high-lights—including Cullis, the reigning England captain, Hagan, Britton, Westwood, White (Chelsea), Lawton, L. Crompton and Rowley—are with the boys across the channel. All those—up to the time of going to press. And more may be over there soon.

Because of their duties, many

Ever Hear This ? (Asks Guy Temple)

I LIKE Bop Hope, Benny and Fred Allen enormously. Their gags come crisply over the ether and are always good for a laugh. But often their script-writers ought to get the credit for these sparkling broadcasts. You'd be surprised by the witty "come-backs" made in real life quite spontaneously and without the help of highly-paid script-writers.

The late John Barrymore was a natural wit with a biting tongue. He was doing "Hamlet" in New York one evening when a very famous actress stalked into a box, after the curtain had gone up, waved to all her friends, and kept up an audible running commentary right through the performance.

Barrymore was seething with rage, but waited for his curtain speech.

"Finally," he said quietly, "I should like to thank Miss (the interrupter) for the privilege of co-starring with her this afternoon."

American journalists have a well-deserved reputation for smart wise-cracks. Dorothy Parker was sent to review a play in which a much-boasted actress was starring. Dorothy didn't care for either the play or the star, and slew them both in one stinging phrase:

"Miss — runs the whole gamut of emotion from A to B," she wrote.

Whenever I'm in the States I always turn to Winchell's column for refreshment. Someone once asked him how he

felt about the war in the days when Americans were rather isolationist.

"I'm neutral," said Walter solemnly. "I don't care WHO kills Hitler!"

He also made a neat crack when Mussolini led his country into the war.

"Italy, shaped like a boot, has behaved like a heel," he observed.

But a well-known American met his Waterloo at a Washington party some time ago. He had possibly drunk a little too much when he was introduced to a Chinese diplomat.

"And what 'nese' are you?" he inquired. "Japanese, Chinese or Javanese?"

"And what 'ee' are you?" replied the diplomat blandly. "Monkey, donkey, or Yankee?"

Don't imagine that America is the home of the wise-crack. Over here we have had wits whose snappy repartees will be repeated for years. A classic will always be associated with Beau Brummell, who was cut dead one morning by the Prince of Wales, later George IV. The Beau didn't bat an eyelid. He turned to Lord Alvanley and in a stage-whisper said:

"By the way, who's your fat friend?"

Oscar Wilde's repartee is still treasured. "Do you know George Moore?" someone asked him.

"I know him so well that I haven't spoken to him for ten years," murmured Wilde.



"Here's a health," Tel. Robert Habron

ENDLESS pints of bitter were swallowed by the locals at the New Inn, Sowood, near Outlane, Halifax, Yorks, the day "Good Morning" called—and every one was preceded by the toast "Here's to the lads in the submarine service, and especially our Robert."

Robert referred to is Telegraphist Robert Habron whose parents run the Inn. Being something of an individualist he's decided to be half a submarine crew all by himself—so he has volunteered for midget submarines.

Many unusual characters frequent the Inn, including one genial Scotsman, who although he refused to divulge his name, said that Robert would know him if we said he was always up to tricks.

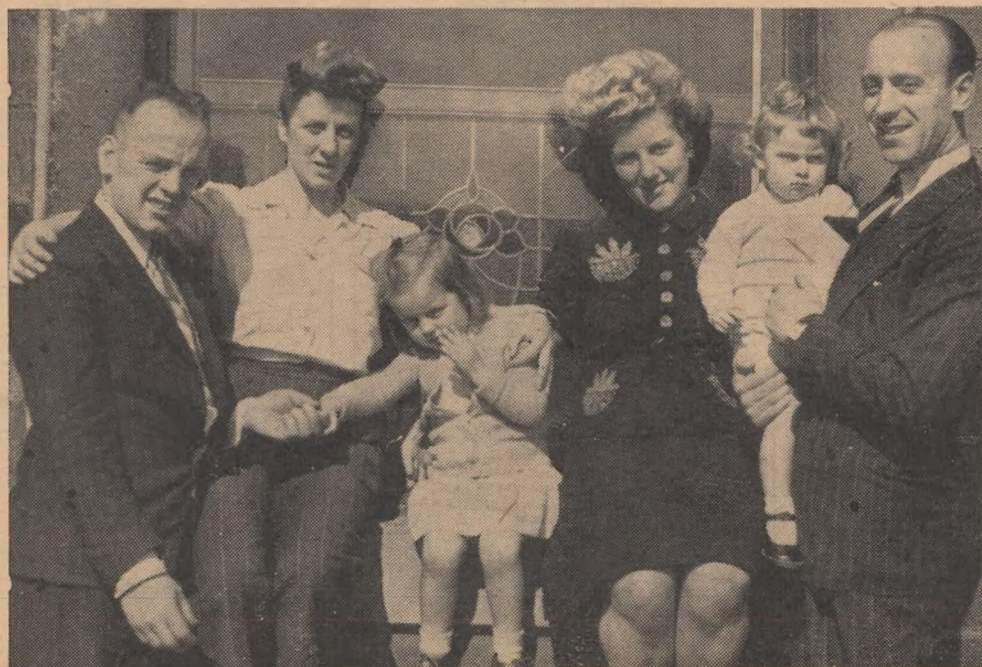
Judging by the number he

showed us Robert surely can't fail to know him. Coin tricks, handkerchief tricks, sleight of hand—he knows it all and his hand is certainly faster than anybody's eye!

Your two sisters, Ethel and Mary, were at home Robert, also brothers Jack and Tom. Ethel is brown as a native, and thoroughly enjoying life in the Land Army. Apparently she's one of those surprising girls who handles a large tractor weighing tons.

All the rest of the family, including your mother and father are very well and looking forward to seeing you in the very near future.

The only comment they had to make about you going in for "midgets" was, "We suppose he likes it because it's one of those desperado jobs."



Reading from left to right (just in case Bob forgets) are: Jack, Mary, Maureen, Ethel, Noel and Tom.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

The Princess becomes Missus Aladdin

ALADDIN's mother went to the palace. The sultan had no sooner cast his eyes upon her, but he knew her again, and remembered her business, and how long he had put her off.

Sir, said she, I come to represent to your majesty, in the name of my son, Aladdin, that the three months, at the end of which you ordered me to come again, are expired; and to beg of you to remember your promise.

The sultan was very much perplexed, and, after some reflection, said to her, Good woman, I will fulfil my promise, as soon as your son shall send me forty basins of massy gold, brimful of the same things you have already made me a present of, and carried by the like number of black slaves, who shall be led by as many handsome and well-made white slaves, all dressed magnificently.

On these conditions, I am ready to bestow the princess, my daughter, on him: therefore, good woman, go and tell him so, and I will wait till you bring me his answer.

Aladdin's mother prostrated herself before the sultan's throne, and when she came home she said to her son, Indeed, child,

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



I would not have you think any farther of your marriage with the princess Badroulboudour.

Then she gave her son an exact account of what the sultan said to her, and the conditions on which he consented to the match.

Mother, replied Aladdin; the sultan is mistaken if he thinks, by this exorbitant demand, to prevent my entertaining thoughts of the princess. I expected greater difficulties, and that he would have set a higher price upon that incomparable princess.

As soon as Aladdin's mother was gone out to market, Aladdin took up the lamp, and rubbing it, the genie appeared, and offered his service, as usual. The genie told him his command should be immediately obeyed, and disappeared.

In a little time afterwards the genie returned with forty slaves, each bearing on his head a basin of massy gold, of twenty marks weight, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds, all larger and more beautiful than those presented to the sultan before.

Aladdin opened the street-door, and made the slaves walk out; a white slave followed always by a black one, with a basin on his head. When they were all gone out he shut the door, and then retired to his chamber, full of hopes.

As soon as the first slave had arrived at the palace gate, the porters formed themselves in order, and took him for a king, by the richness and magnificence of his habit, and were going to kiss the hem of his garment; but the slave, who was instructed by the genie, prevented them, and said, We are only slaves: our master will appear at a proper time.

The sultan made no longer hesitation; but to send Aladdin's mother back with all the satisfaction she could desire, he said to her, Good woman, go and tell your son that I wait to receive him with open arms, and embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the princess, my daughter, from my hands, the greater pleasure he will do me.

Aladdin, charmed with this news, rubbed his lamp, the obedient genie appeared.

Genie, said Aladdin, I want to bathe immediately; and you must afterwards provide me with the richest and most magnificent habit ever worn by a monarch.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, but the genie rendered him, as well as himself, invisible, and transported him into a bath of the finest marble of all sorts of colours; where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, in a neat and spacious hall.

From the hall he was led to the bath, which was of a moderate heat, and he was there rubbed

and washed with all sorts of scented water. After he had passed through several degrees of heat, he came out, quite a different man from what he was before. His skin was clear, white, and red, and his body light and free; and, when he returned into the hall, he found, instead of his own, a suit, the magnificence of which very much surprised him.

The genie helped him to dress, and, when he had done, transported him back to his own chamber, where he asked him if he had any other commands.

Yes, answered Aladdin; I expect you should bring me, as soon as possible, a horse, that surpasses in beauty and goodness the best in the sultan's stables, with a saddle, bridle, and housing, and other accoutrements, worth a million of money. I want also twenty slaves, as richly clothed as those who carried the present to the sultan, to walk by my side, and follow me, and twenty more such to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves to wait on her, as richly dressed as any of the princess Badroulboudour's, each loaded with a complete suit fit for any sultaness. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses. Go, and make haste.

As soon as Aladdin had given these orders, the genie disappeared, and presently returned with the horse, the forty slaves, ten of whom carried each a purse with one thousand pieces of gold, and six women slaves, each carrying on her head a different dress for Aladdin's mother, wrapped up in silver stuff; and presented them all to Aladdin.

Of the ten purses, Aladdin took but four, giving them to his mother,

telling her those were to supply her with necessities; the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, with an order to throw them by handfuls among the people, as they went to the sultan's palace.

As soon as the sultan perceived Aladdin he was no less surprised to see him more richly and magnificently clothed than ever he had been himself, than at his good mien, fine shape, and a certain air of unexpected grandeur, very different from the meanness his mother appeared in. But, notwithstanding, his amazement and surprise did not hinder him from rising from off his throne, and descending two or three steps quick enough to prevent Aladdin's throwing himself at his feet. He embraced him with all the demonstrations of friendship.

After conversing together a short time, the sultan gave a signal, and immediately the air echoed with the sound of trumpets, hautboys, and other musical instruments; and at the same time, the sultan led Aladdin into a magnificent hall, where there was prepared a noble feast.

After the feast, the sultan sent for the chief judge of the capital, and ordered him to draw up immediately a contract of marriage between the princess Badroulboudour, his daughter, and Aladdin.

Aladdin mounted his horse again and returned home in the same order he came, with the acclamations of the people, who wished him all happiness and prosperity.

As soon as he dismounted he retired to his own chamber, took the lamp, and called the genie as before, who, in the usual manner,

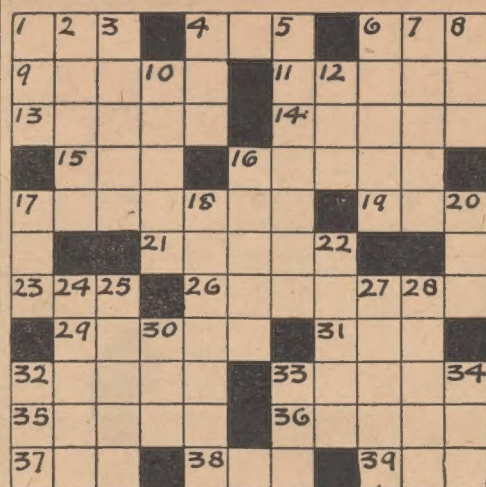
WANGLING WORDS—415

- Put a drink in CHT and make a dwelling.
- Rearrange the following letters to make three European rivers: O SELL ME, BITER, SEWER.
- In the following four birds the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 72P536, 72T5480, 809114N80, 6911L3.
- Find the two hidden counties (in England and Wales) in: I remember Dublin when the only cab was a hansom, Erse the only language spoken, and the Liffey here fordable at one place only.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 414

- WinkLE.
- Rhone, Meuse, Dnieper.
- Brahms, Mozart, Bach, Strauss.
- W-he-el, E-art-h.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Dog.
- Doctrine.
- Hawthorn.
- Expel.
- Reville.
- Kind.
- Rows.
- Punder.
- Watershed.
- Struggled.
- Adm't.
- Jump.
- Tree.
- Sweetmeat.
- Wine.
- Steersman.
- Servant.
- Pier.
- Girl's name.
- Love much.
- Consonant.
- Uninteresting.
- Crude.

CLUES DOWN.

- Fixing bolt.
- Openly done.
- Young person.
- Pronoun.
- Sailor.
- Cloth.
- Obliquely.
- Affirmative.
- Of three dimensions.
- Inferior.
- Requite.
- Ocean.
- Left.
- Zero.
- Went fast.
- Fixed gaze.
- Scored at golf.
- Engine.
- Addition.
- Know.
- Namely.
- 33.
- Bird.
- 34.
- Tree.

JIFFY COWER

A LEONORA U
CRADLE GLEE
KEG KANAKAS
ATOM RAN S
LINER GIVER
N RUM CAFE
PURITAN LUG
LEAN SENILE
U GOATEES N
GUESS DWELT

made him a tender of his service. Genie, said Aladdin, I would have you build me, as soon as you can, a palace over-against, and at a proper distance from, the sultan's, fit to receive my spouse, the princess Badroulboudour.

on her left hand, followed by a hundred women slaves, dressed with surprising magnificence.

Aladdin ran with all imaginable joy to receive her at the entrance of the apartment appointed for him.

Then Aladdin led the princess to the place appointed for her; and, as soon as she and his mother were sat down, a band of the most harmonious instruments, accompanied with the voices of beautiful ladies, began a concert, which lasted, without intermission, to the end of the repast.

When the supper was ended, about midnight, Aladdin did not let the princess's hand go, but led her to the apartment where the nuptial bed was prepared.

(To be continued)

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 1

- How many properties can you think of which ebony and coal have in common?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Red, Blue, White, Brown, Auburn, Dark, Yellow.
- If there are 12 inches to a foot, write down 100, unless there are more S's in Mississippi than in Missouri, in which case write down 77.
- There were two Englishmen and a native on an island, and all three spoke both languages perfectly. The Englishman always spoke the truth, but the native always told lies. A visitor to the island asked one of the men, "Are you an Englishman?" The reply was, "Bonga tazeeka." This conveyed nothing to him, so he asked the second man, "Did that fellow say he was an Englishman?" The reply was "No." The visitor then approached the third man and asked him, "Did the first fellow I met say he was an Englishman?" "Yes, he did," replied the inhabitant. Which of the three inhabitants was the native?

(Answer in No. 477)

QUIZ for today

- A snathe is a reptile, insect, shaft of a scythe, paper-clip, head of a mallet, woman's head-dress?
- What is the difference between (a) Mistral, and (b) Minstrel?
- Name the sixth Book in the New Testament.
- A shawm is an early form of trumpet, oboe, flute, saxophone, banjo?
- Give the nationality of (a) Dumas, (b) Goethe, (c) Bernard Shaw.
- All the following are real words except one; which is it? Slub, Slob, Slab, Slud, Sludge, Slod, Slav.

Answers to Quiz in No. 475

- Counterfeit coin.
- Small shark.
- (a) Is a wind which blows over the pampas; (b) is a broad-brimmed Mexican hat.
- Deuteronomy.
- "God Save The King."
- Agreeable, Feasible.

JANE

A rough-house has broken out in the cafe following the loss of madame's wig!

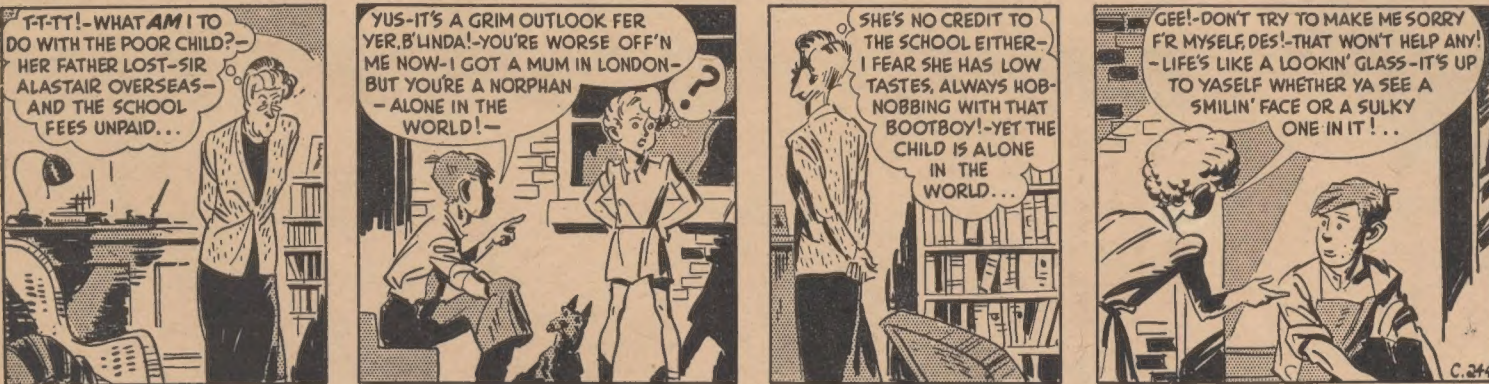


"Oh, he ain't all THAT clever, sailor, 'e lost the first two games!"

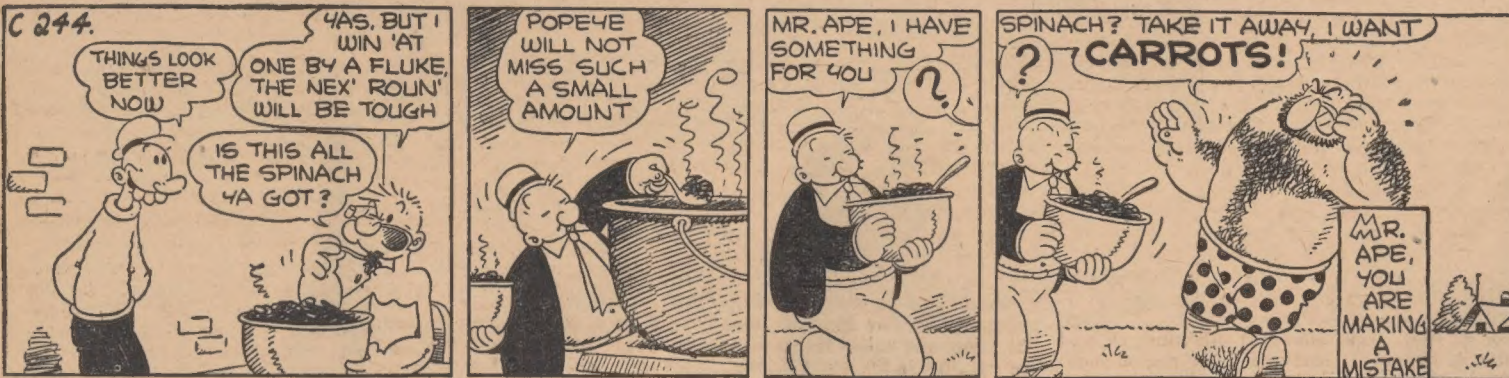
BEELZEBUB JONES



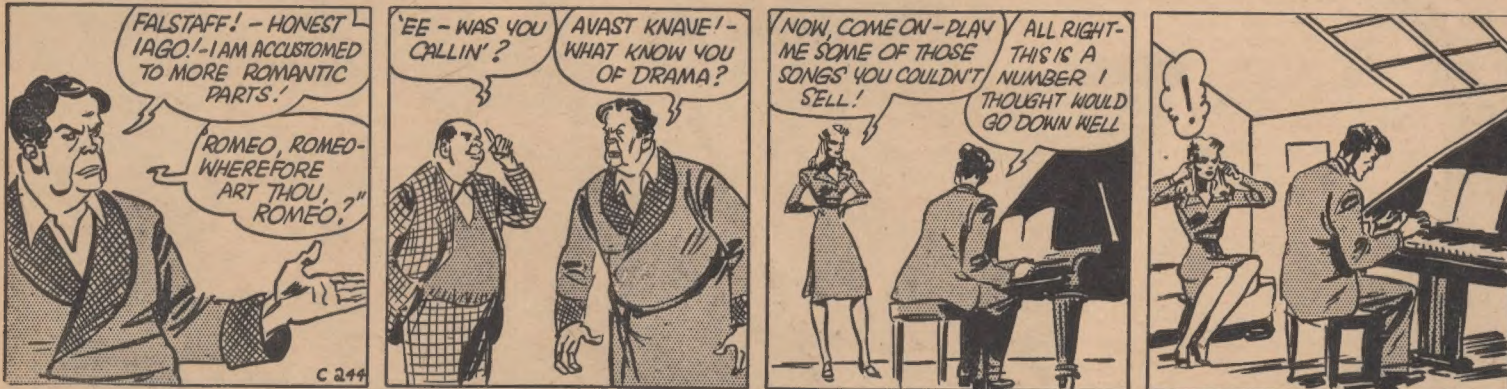
BELINDA



POPEYE



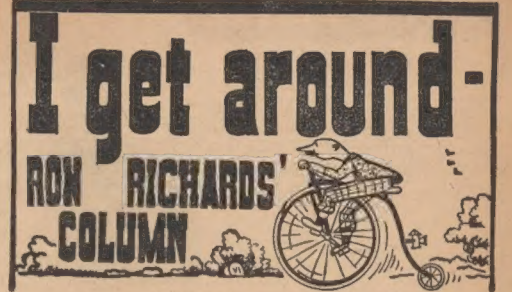
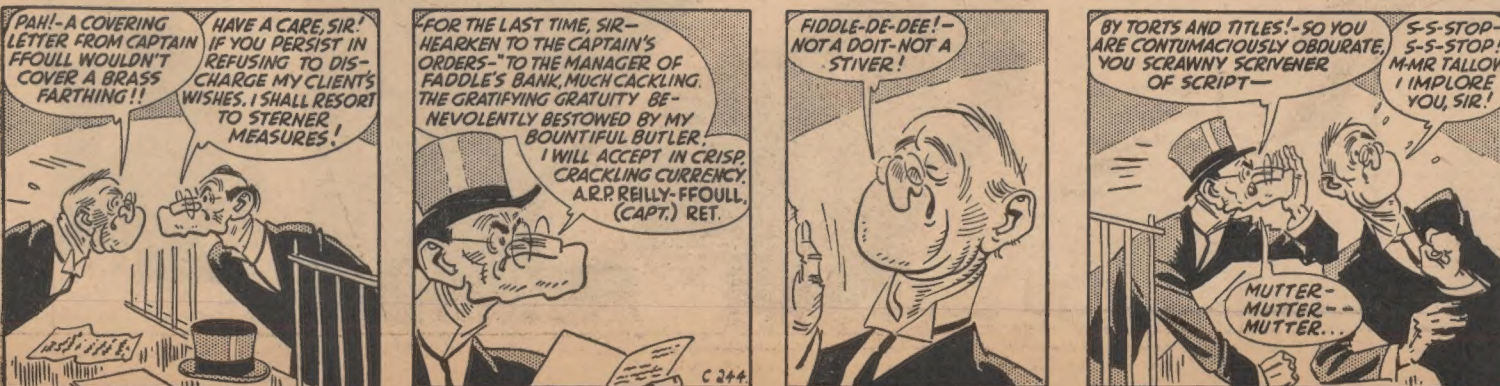
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A ROUND Staffordshire I found some interesting pubs in the Burslem area.

The "Bridge Inn," Brindley Street, Middlesport, is a relatively new sign. The house is a quite pleasing late Georgian structure, refronted in Victorian times. This is the first inn at Burslem reached by walkers using the footpath from Wolstanton. Evidently the house is so called from its nearness to a footbridge over the Grand Trunk Canal. This canal is one of the most famous works of the celebrated engineer, James Brindley, who gives his name to the street. The first sod was cut at Burslem by Josiah Wedgwood in 1766, and the completion of the canal in 1777 vastly increased the wealth and prosperity of the district. James Brindley was one of Staffordshire's greatest men. He began business at Leek, not far away, in 1742. He lived many years at Turnhurst, where he died in 1772. His tomb is to be seen in Newchapel churchyard.



THE "Post Office Vaults," Market Place, Burslem, is an old house, but the history of its name is rather difficult to trace. In 1802 the Burslem Post Office was in the High Street. In 1818 it was kept by Charles Cotton at the "Legs of Man" in Market Street, whence: "Letters for Newcastle are despatched every forenoon at a quarter past ten, and every evening at a quarter before eight, and arrive every morning at eight and every afternoon at three." This is presumably the "Legs of Man" which had formerly been known as the "Leopard." By 1834 the Post Office was kept by Miss Ann Cotton "in the Market Place," apparently not at the "Legs of Man," since this belonged to a new proprietor, Robert Berrington. In 1856 the Post Office was in the Market Place at the Waterloo Road corner, adjoining this house, and was kept by Jabez Wilson. About 1880 it was moved to the other side of the Market Place, where Messrs. Bates' tailor's shop now is, and twenty years later was removed to the present site. For a short period it was situated in Moorland Road.

Until about 1880 stamps and licences of all kinds were sold, not at the Post Office, but at the "Stamp Office," which was situate in the Market Place in the premises now occupied by Messrs. Ellis and Ellis.



THE "Jolly Potters Inn," Blackwell Street, Cobridge, has a very appropriate sign. According to Robert Plot, whose book on Staffordshire was written about 1676, and appeared in 1686, "The greatest pottery they have in this country is carried on at Burslem, where for making their several sorts of pots they have as many different sorts of clay, which they dig round about the town all within half a mile distance." The "Jolly Potters" is a very old sign in Burslem.

An alehouse of this name was kept by a certain John Marsh in 1742. This, however, was in St. John's Square, and may very probably be the house kept by Thomas Bourne as long ago as 1657. No doubt potters then, as now, were at once a jovial and a thirsty class, so this seems a very appropriate sign. This house appears in the records as the "Jovial Potters," kept in 1818 by Francis Harrison. The present building is Victorian.

Ron Richards

Good
Morning



This England

The painter, Constable, knew and loved this little flat corner of England under its wide skies. With the magic of his brush he gave it to the world. It's Thaxted mill and church in Essex.

"Well, what if it IS late? What if I DO miss the 8.15 to town? The office will just have to get along without me for once."



It took scientists with calipers and scales, mathematicians with logarithmic tables, to discover that Alexis Smith had the most nearly perfect figure in Hollywood. The dopes — why didn't they just use their eyes!



"Drat the woman! Isn't she ever coming back from the fish-mongers?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Anybody want to take my measurements?"

